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JUNGLE GIRL



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JUNGLE GIRLS

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IN PERSON IRISH McCALLA, THE ORIGINAL TELEVISION SHEENA, QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE. ALSO BILL FERET, AUTHOR OF THE NEW BOOK SHEENA.



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In this issue of JUNGLE GIRLS, the TIGER GIRL and SHEENA stories were shot from the original art, courtesy of PETE LEAVITT. Thanks, PETE! SHEENA appears thru courtesy of Paul Aratow and Columbia Pictures, the copyright owners. Paul is now working to produce a new SHEENA TV series for NBC.

TIGER GIRL

BY ALLAN O'HARA

TRADE PERMITS SOLD... TRIBUTE EXTORTED FROM THE TRIBES — BY THE VERY LAWMEN APPOINTED TO PROTECT THEM! A RAGING CONGO QUEEN HEARD OF IT AND SPED OFF TO INVESTIGATE. BUT NOW A MOTLEY CREW CROSSES A SLENDER SPAN, LEAVING BEHIND THEM A FIERY SHAMBLES, WHERE THE DISTRICT COMMISSIONER'S COMPOUND ONCE STOOD...



A FEW QUICK JOBS,
AND THEN EASY STREET!
HARRIS WON'T BE IN
OUR HAIR, SABER,
WHAT'S EATIN' YOU
ANYWAY?

NATIVE SAFARI
DOWN THERE
HEADIN' FOR
THE BARBECUE,
CARTON — TAKE
A LOOK!

BLAST THAT WITCH—
TIGER GIRL! HAVE TO
CHANGE THE PITCH...
STICK AROUND AND
TAKE CARE OF HER!



ART BY ROBERT H. WEBB

AND AS MASSIVE TUSKERS
LUMBER THROUGH THE BRUSH...

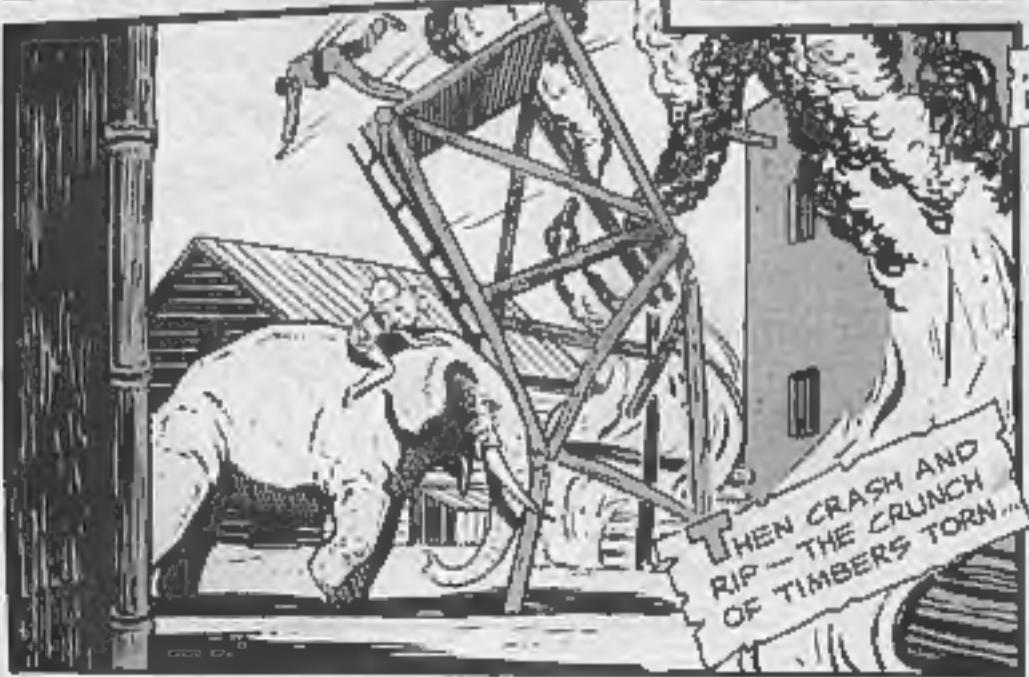
IF COMMISSIONER
CARTON HAS TURNED
JACKAL, WE WILL
KNOW IT SOON.
CHIEF RANOA, HIS
PRISON COMPOUND
LIES JUST BEYOND
THAT RISE.

HE DEMANDED
IVORY OF THE
KASUTIS FOR
THE RIGHT TO
TRADE WITH
THEIR BROTHER
TRIBES, TIGER
GIRL, AND—
AIEE!
THUNDER!

GUNFIRE! IT
CAME FROM THE
COMPOUND—LET
US SPEED! BY
THE GODS—LOOK!
LOOK THERE!

AND AHEAD,
SPEEDING HOOVES
SPRAY COALS
UPON AN ALREADY-
ROARING INFERNO...

THAT'S THE STUFF,
BOYS! CHIEF SAID NOT
A SHACK'S TO BE
LEFT STANDIN'!
HOW YUH
LIKE IT,
HARRIS?
UN—UNH...



BUT INSTANTLY A WHIP SNAKED OUT... COILED ABOUT A JUTTING STONE ON HIGH, AND FLASHING ACROSS THE CLUTCHING FLAME-FINGERS...

THE PRISONERS DOOMED TO PERISH... THE FATE OF A BEAST! AND YET— THERE IS SCARCE THE LOOK OF CONVICTS TO THEM...

ALL RIGHT, TIGER GIRL— THE ROPE'S SECURE!

HO, ABDOLA— SEIZE FAST TO ITS OTHER END! SWIFTLY, FAITHFUL FRIEND...



STRAIGHT AND TRUE THE STOUT ROPE FLIES. QUICKLY THE GIANT SIKH LASHES IT TO AN ELEPHANT'S HARNESS...

THE LITTLE PRINCESS SWINGS CLEAR— NOW! ON, GREAT ONE, ON! THE ROPE GOES TAUT—

IF IT BREAKS WE'RE DOOMED! THE PLACE IS FILLING WITH SMOKE ALREADY!

IT'S HOLDING— THE VERY WALL ITSELF IS GIVING! WE'RE FREE, MEN— COME ON!



THEN, PLUNGING THROUGH THE RUBBLE AND EMBERS...

THEY THINK US THE CONVICTS, SIR!

I'M HARRIS, THE NEW COMMISSIONER, TIGER GIRL! THE CROWN GOT WISE TO CARTON AT LAST! BUT BEFORE I COULD CLAP HIM IN A CELL, HE FREED THE CONVICTS. WITH THEM, OVERCAME THE GUARD DETACHMENT...

...HE TOOK THEIR UNIFORMS! HE'S A MAD DOG—ON THE TRAIL FOR PLUNDER!

AND THE TRIBES WILL THINK HIM STILL COMMISSIONER OF THE DISTRICT! BACK TO THE TEMPLE, ABDOLA—I WILL REJOIN YOU THERE—COME, HARRIS, WE MUST WARN THE TRIBES! THE DEVIL DRUM...





SO THEY WANTED TO POUND A WARNIN' ON THE DEVIL DRUM, EH? BE A SHAME TO DENY 'EM THE CHANCE! CUT IT DOWN... TIE 'EM TO IT! GET TH' OXEN FROM THAT CART!





DOWN-RIVER, ON THE GREAT FALLS' FRINGE, A JUT OF ROCK HALTED THE MAD VOYAGE OF THE DEVIL DRUM, BUT...

SHE'S STILL UNCONSCIOUS... MAYBE DEAD... HMM—THIS SHARP CRAG... IF I CAN ONLY GRATE THESE ROPES AGAINST IT—

AH! AGAIN— AGAIN...

FREE—FREE AT LAST! BUT HERE COME THE CROCODILES! CAN'T AID TIGER GIRL NOW... WAIT! THEY—THEY'RE FIGHTING FOR HER!



THEN THRESH AND SPLASH, AND RAKE OF SAW-LIKE TEETH! THE DEATH-THROE FLAIL OF A SCALY HULK, AND...

SPLINTERED THE DRUM LIKE A MATCHSTICK, YET—SHE GOT THE WORST OF IT!



NOW A VINE ROPE WHIRRS, AND A VOICE CRACKS IN FRENZIED FEAR...

MAY THE GODS GUIDE MY CAST—AYAH! IT WINGS TRUE! BUT THE SCALY DEVIL YET PURSUES HER! GO, TOGARA—

STRIKE!



SEIZE FAST TO ME, BWANA COMMISSIONER—I HAVE THE LITTLE PRINCESS! HOW CAME THIS ABOUT—THE MAD DOG?

CARTON, YES... HE AMBUSHED US AT THE SIGNAL DRUM... BOUND US TO IT, BUT—

WHAT WORD, ABDOLA?

SHE HAS LOST MUCH BLOOD.., HER HEART-BEAT BUT A FLICKER. THE HAND OF THE GRAVE BECKONS TO HER...



AND MOMENTS LATER...

LATER, AT A CONGO PORT, 1 MILES ACROSS THE JUNGLE...

I DON'T GET IT, CARTON... WHAT IF THE RIVER LADY IS READY TO SAIL?

DON'T YOU THINK WORD OF THE BIG DIAMOND SHIPMENTS COMES TO THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE? A REPORT HIT MY DESK THE DAY BEFORE HARRIS GOT THERE WITH A WARRANT...

SPARKLERS ON THAT PACKET WILL MAKE KIMBERLY'S LOADS SEEM LIKE PEANUTS. JUST KEEP YOUR LIP BUTTONED AND WAIT FOR MY SIGN —

COME ON!

WHAT'S THAT, COMMISSIONER CARTON? YOU SAY THE HASUTIS HAVE GONE WILD AND ARE PLUNDERING?

THAT'S RIGHT, CAPTAIN BAYNES, BUT I FIGURE A FEW TERRITORIAL RIFLES WILL SEE THE RIVER LADY SAFE IN REXTOWN. GET ABOARD, MEN!



MEANWHILE, ON THE BANK OF THAT DISTANT TRIBUTARY...



IN HER SECRET SHRINE A CHANCE THAT SHE MIGHT LIVE... YET DEATH IS ORDAINED FOR THE UNBELIEVER WHO DISCOVERS THAT HOLY PLACE.

BUT IT WOULD TAKE TOO LONG TO GET HER THERE ALONE, ABDOLA! SUPPOSE I DIDN'T SEE THE TRAIL?

THEN, A FRANTIC PRAYERFUL TREK, ONCE THEIR LIFELESS BURDEN STIRRED... A FAINT COUGH-LIKE GASP ESCAPED HER LIPS. WAS IT THE DEATH RATTLE OF THE GOLDEN GODDESS?



ON AND ON THEY PRESSED... A NARROW FOOTPATH THROUGH THE SWAMPS... THE FORBIDDEN MISTLANDS... A BAT-INFESTED TUNNEL... A SHRUB-CLOAKED PASS FORGOTTEN CENTURIES AGO BY THE OUTER WORLD, AND FINALLY, LOOMING QUICKLY OUT OF NOWHERE, WITH GILDED SPIRES AND GLEAMING PARAPETS —

THE TEMPLE OF TIGER GIRL!

A MOMENT NOW, AND YOU MAY REMOVE THE BLINDFOLD, COMMISSIONER.



THEN, INSIDE WHERE FAINT LIGHTS
MOLD EERIE SHADOWS IN THE
GLOOM, AND A HUNDRED HINDU
GODS GLOWER UPON THE
TRESPASSER...

ANOTHER WORLD... A DREAM—
IT MUST BE! THE TIGERS BESIDE
HER ALTAR—THEIR WAILS LIKE
A HEATHEN CHANT...



A TRANCE...
HE SCREAMS
TO THE IDOLS,
BUT—WAIT!
FORMS TAKING
SHAPE IN THE
SHADE! NO,
THEY'RE ONLY
SHADOWS—
THEY MUST
BE!

HERBS
POWDER UPON GLOWING
COALS... SMOKE AND FUMES
RISING, BEARING WITH
THEM A GIANT'S PLEA
THAT BOOMS AS
THUNDER...

SIVA... KRISHNA... A
SERVANT CALLS, O
MIGHTY ONES...
GRANT STRENGTH
TO YOUR
GODDESS OF
THIS REALM!
SIVA...
KRISHNA,
GODS OF
THE
VISHNU'S—



BUT,
SHADOWS
OR SHADES,
THEY GLIDE
GHOST-LIKE
THROUGH
THE FUMES
TO VANISH
INTO THE
INERT FORM
ON THAT
AGED ALTAR.

AND FINALLY...
SHE STIRS—
SHE LIVES!
LITTLE PRINCESS,
THE GODS GAVE
THEIR STRENGTH—
THE MYSTIC RITE!

YES, ABDOLA,
BUT DEATH
STALKS THE
JUNGLE—
CARTON!
COME, FRIENDS—
WE MUST FIND
HIS TRAIL!



THE TRAIL BEGAN AT THE CAMP OF A LONELY HUNTER WHO HAD SEEN TERRITORIALS HEADED FOR THE DIAMOND PORT UP RIVER THERE, A BAFFLED TRADER TOLD TIGER GIRL THAT CARTON HEADED FOR REXTOWN ON THE RIVER LADY. AND NOW ABOARD THAT ILL-STARR'D PACKET.



IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THE KASUTIS ARE OUT FOR LOOT, COMMISSIONER. WHY, MANY'S THE TIME I'VE HUNTED WITH CHIEF RANOA.

IT CAME AS A SURPRISE TO ME TOO, BAYNES. FUNNY THAT OLD FUNERAL BARGE IS ADRIFT... GENERALLY THE TRIBES BURN 'EM.

IT'LL PROBABLY BE THE ONLY TUB WE'LL SEE BETWEEN HERE AND REXTOWN. DON'T FIGURE THE RIVER LADY NEEDS MUCH PROTECTING..

YOU NEVER CAN TELL, SKIPPER. YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

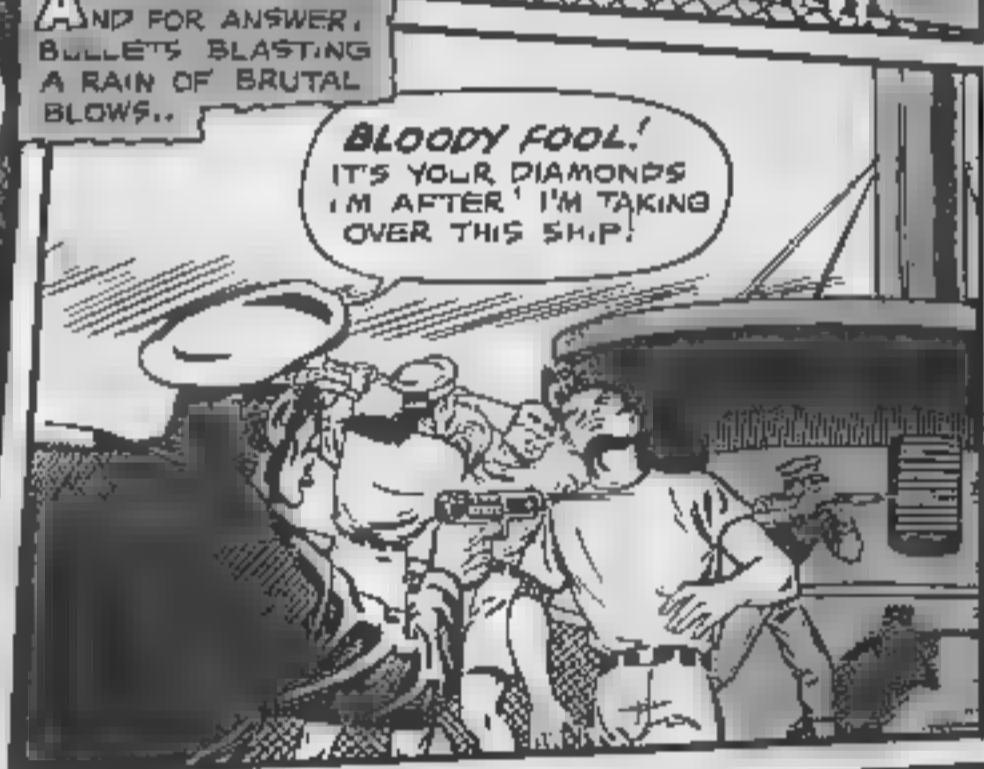


BOYS! THE SKIPPER FIGURES HE HAS NO NEED FOR PROTECTION. NOW'S THE TIME WE SHOW HIM— NOW!

WHAT! WHAT KINDA JOKE IS THIS, CARTON?

AND FOR ANSWER, BULLETS BLASTING A RAIN OF BRUTAL BLOWS...

BLOODY FOOL! IT'S YOUR DIAMONDS I'M AFTER! I'M TAKING OVER THIS SHIP!



MAYBE HE GETS THE IDEA WE AIN'T CROWN MEN NOW, EH, CARTON? SAY, THAT OLD BARGE — IT SMACKED INTO OUR STERN!

AND FROM THE WRECKAGE OF THAT FRAIL FUNERAL CRAFT, A FIGURE OF GOLD COMES STORMING — TIGER GIRL!

YONDER THE JACKAL PACK. GO, TOGARA... GO, BENZAI — STRIKE!





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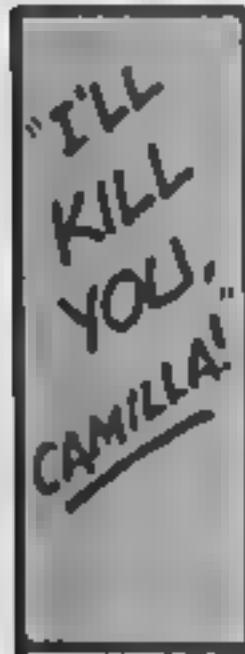
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WILD GIRL OF THE CONGO



ART BY MATT BAKER

COME AND
GET IT,
YOU LITTLE
HE-LION.
COST ME
A FORTUNE
IN TREASURE
FROM THE
OLD ZULU
TOMBS.
DON'T YOU
YEAH, IT HAS
PRACTICALLY
IN MY
HANDS JUST
THIS
MORNING
WHEN I
GRABBED
A HELICOPTER
OFF THE
SAFARI.

DOCTOR INERTHAN,
I'VE COME TO A.D.
YOU'LL LET GO—
OOOH!

YEAH SURE
I'LL LET
WHAT?

THEY WOULD KILL
HIM FANS!
CAMILLA'S
WINE MUST
WING TRUE!

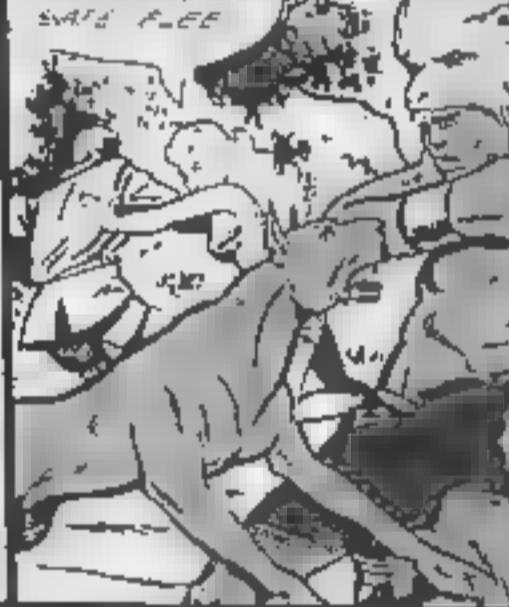


HEY, WHAT TA-
KIBITO-KIBITO,
IT'S THAT JUNGLE
GIRL! GET HER!

AVE BINGA BUT—
AAHEE! THE
SHARLING ONE—

I AM OUT
NOW GO GO
WHITE ONE
YOU SHALL BE
SAFE FEE

IN CAMILLA A DOCTOR
INERTHAN'S SKIN
MUST HELP HIM!



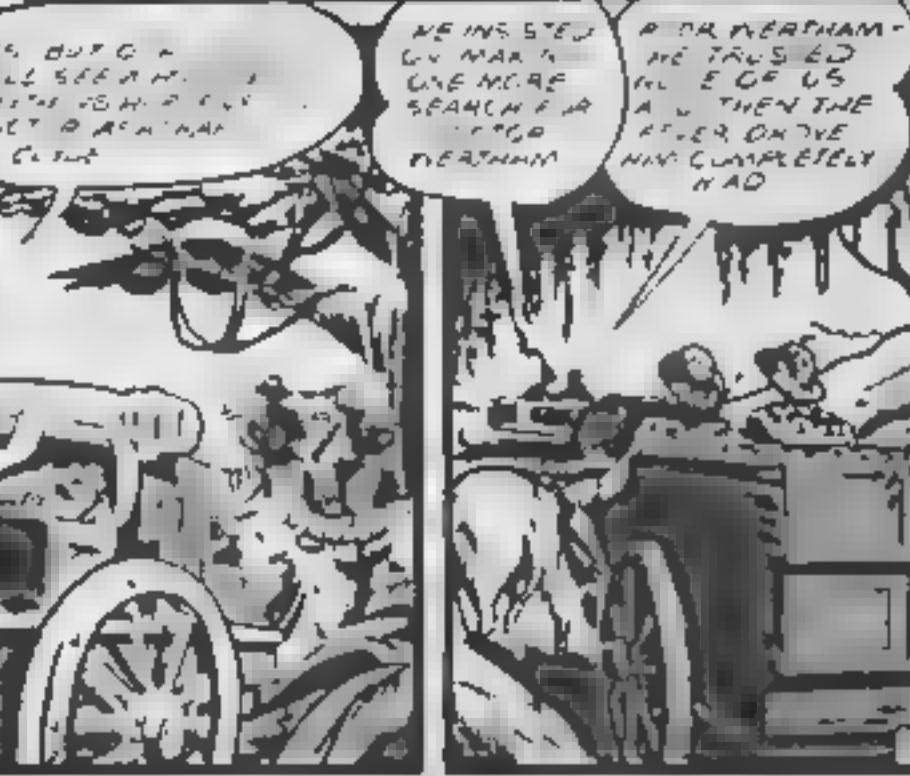
AH GOOD WORK,
KIBITO! HANG
ONTO HIM! I'LL
GET THE
WENCH!

MAYOMBA! FANG-
FANG, LITTLE FRIEND
FLEE!

... FLEE—
FLEE...

NOW GET HER INTO
THAT DUGOUT
BOYS! WE'LL
GET RID OF HER
FOR GOOD!





"IN JADE
THEY WERE
ALL
AGAINST
ME. THEY
WANTED
MY SHARE
OF THE
TREASURE
BUT THEY
WEREN'T
GOING TO
GET IT.
CAMILLA
NO-NOT
IF
SOMETHING
HADN'T
GONE
WRONG..."

CLOSE INDEED WERE
THE JACKAL'S BULLETS,
BUT - MAYOMBA!
A CLAWED ONE WAITS!
MY BLADE MUST BE
SHARP!"

"HO, IT SLASHES
DEEP BUT -
WHAT! FANG-
FANG YOU COME
TO AID CAMILLA
AGAINST THE
BLACK-HEARTED
KILLER."

"HOLD! HE GOES
INTO THE BABAB
BRANCHES TO
LICK HIS WOUND
NOW. LET US
HASTEN - WE
MUST SAVE THE
WHITE ONE!"

ASHCRAFT WAS MY
PRISONER, CAMILLA.
CURSE YOU, AND I WAS
BETWEEN TH' REST
AND THEIR RIVERSIDE!
THEIR BULLOCK CARTS
CAME CRASHIN'
THROUGH TH' UNDERBRUSH, AND...

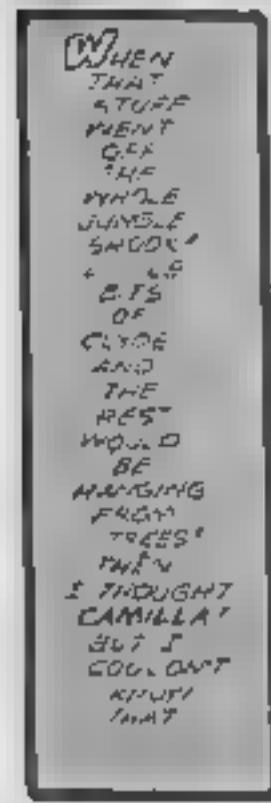
"LOOK! ASHCRAFT IN
MERTHAM'S HANDS!
AND THE LION
CULT!"

"HERE'S ONE OF THOSE DEVILS
WHO'S SOLD HIS SPEAR FOR
TH' LAST TIME!"

"DROP IT,
CLYDE!"

"DROP 'EM ALL OF YOU,
OR TELL SPILL ASHCRAFT'S
BRAINS! THAT'S IT!
NOW K'BITO -
GRAB 'EM!"





COME DOWN FROM THAT BAOBAB
AND GET THE BULLET THAT'S
WAITIN' FOR YOU, CAMILLA! THAT
FULL TREASURE WAS ALL MINE.
I WAS SAYIN' GOODBYE TO THIS
BLASTED JUNGLE WHEN...

DIYANA
WEATHAM
BE MUCH
RICH IN
OWN
LAND...

YEAH, A B-TO-MUCH
RICH! AND THOSE
OTHERS - VEALOUS
CAUSE I LED THE
EXPEDITION...

TURVED ON
ME WHEN I
GOT THE FEVER
DID THEY?

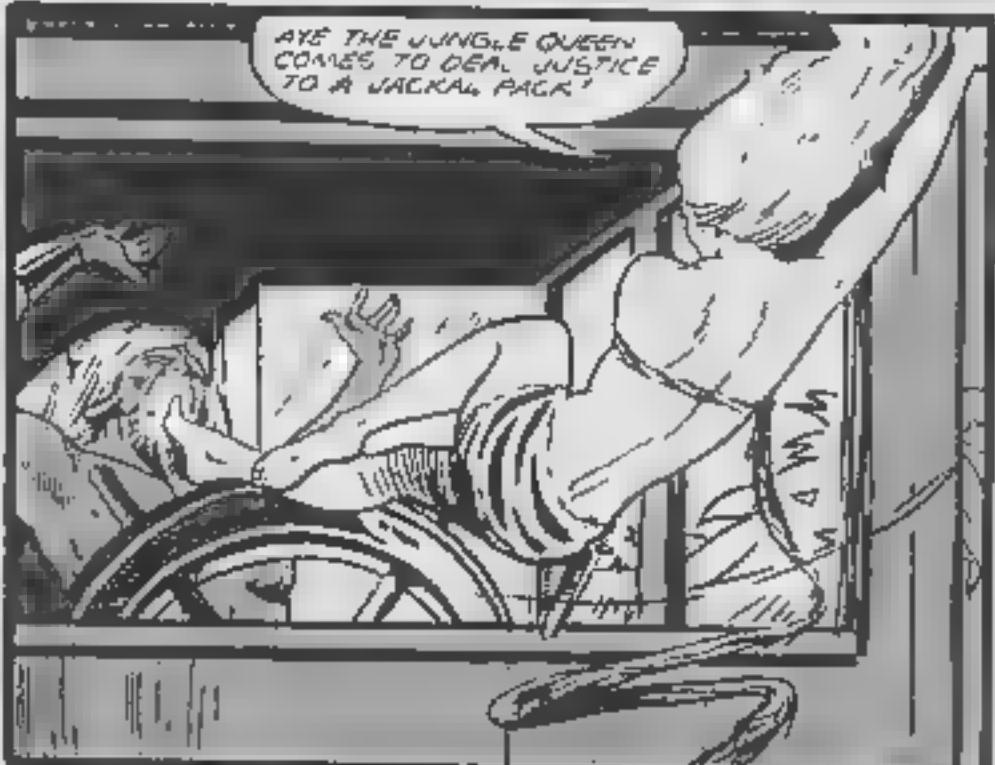
HEY DEAD NOW,
DIYANA! BUT MAN -
THE RIVER
HARROPS!



NO MATTER! I
BROUGHT THIS
TUB IN HERE
ALL RIGHT - I
CAN GET HER
OUT! WHAT'S
THAT?

AIIEEE! MASTER,
DIYANA WEATHAM-
SHO YET LIVES!
IT'S THE GOLDEN
ONE...

AYE THE JUNGLE QUEEN
COMES TO DEAL JUSTICE
TO A JACKAL PACK!

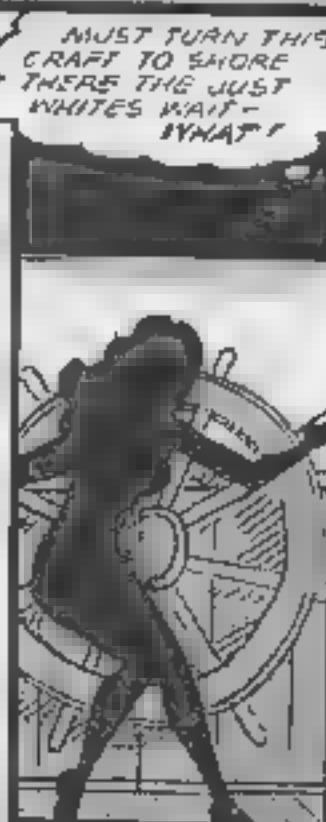


YOU LITTLE VIXEN! I - ILL -
OOOF!

AH - A MOMENT
GAINED, YET THEY
ARE TOO MANY

MUST TURN THIS
CRAFT TO SHORE
THERE THE JUST
WHITES WAIT -
WHAT?

OH NO, CAMILLA
YOU JUNGLE WITCH!
YOU'VE CROSSED MY
PATH FOR THE LAST
TIME! NOW





TARA of the Jungle

TM
THE DANGERS OF THE JUNGLE ARE MULTIFOLD—
BUT NONE CAN COMPARE
WITH AN EVIL THAT KILLS
THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE AT
ONE STROKE! TARA IS FACED
WITH A GRIM FIGHT AS SHE
COMBATS A HORROR THAT
COMES FROM THE ROT AND
SLIME OF FLESH—FROM THE
LICE-RIDDEN GIANT RATS OF
A DISEASE-SHIP THAT
CARRIED...

BLACK DEATH!



THERE IS THE
KILLER BELOW!
IT HAS KILLED ITS
LAST VICTIM. WHEN
HAVE DONE WHAT
MUST BE DONE THE
CHILDREN OF THE
TAURJT VILLAGE
WILL AGAIN BE
SAFE!



Once again
TARA of the
Jungle has
returned to
the wilds of
Africa and
has joined
the hunt for
a savage
killer cat,
a deadly
BLACK
PANTHER!

AFRICA HAS
BECOME CIVILIZED
IN MANY WAYS BUT
THE JUNGLE IS
STILL SAVAGE!



ART BY GENE FAWCETTE

Inching forward on the swaying tree branch the Jungle Girl plummets swiftly downward directly in front of the surprised animal.



Tara is respect for the animals of the wild gives even a cold-blooded killer the chance to fight for its life!



YOUR CLAWS WILL NOT FIND A VICTIM TODAY! MY KNIFE DIGS DEEP THERE!



YOU FOUGHT VALIANTLY, PANTHER, BUT THE DAY OF YOUR DEATH WAS AT HAND! YOU HUNTED CHILDREN INSTEAD OF OTHER GAME SO NOW YOUR EVIL HAS BROUGHT ABOUT YOUR DEATH!



Bending to retrieve her knife, TARA spots something under the pile of the dead beast's front leg.

THERE IS A PECULIARLY HARD BULGE HERE. IT SEEMS GORGED WITH BLOOD AND THE FLESH AROUND IT IS BLACK WITH STRAIN.



THIS IS VERY BAD! I HAVE SEEN THIS BEFORE... WHEN PESTILENCE CAME TO THE TAURUT KRAAL YEARS AGO! THERE IS TERRIBLE DANGER HERE! I MUST WARN CHIEF UPATAN... IMMEDIATELY!!

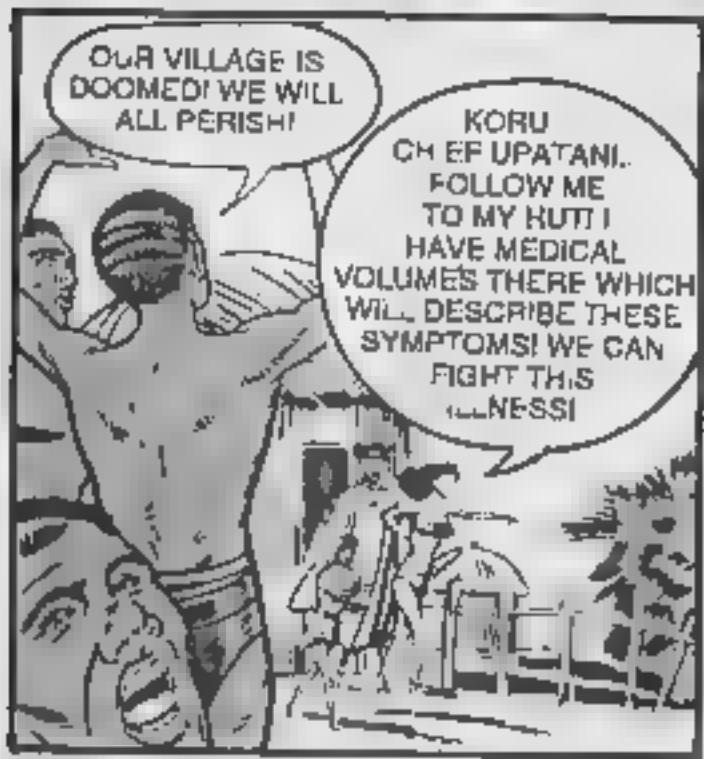
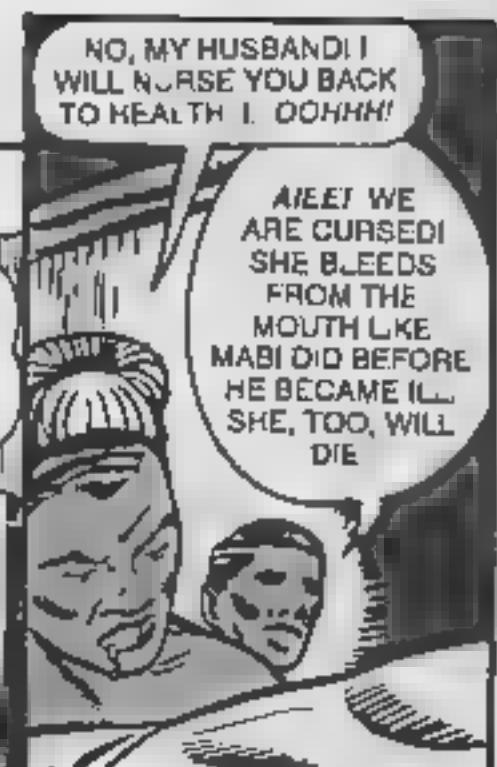


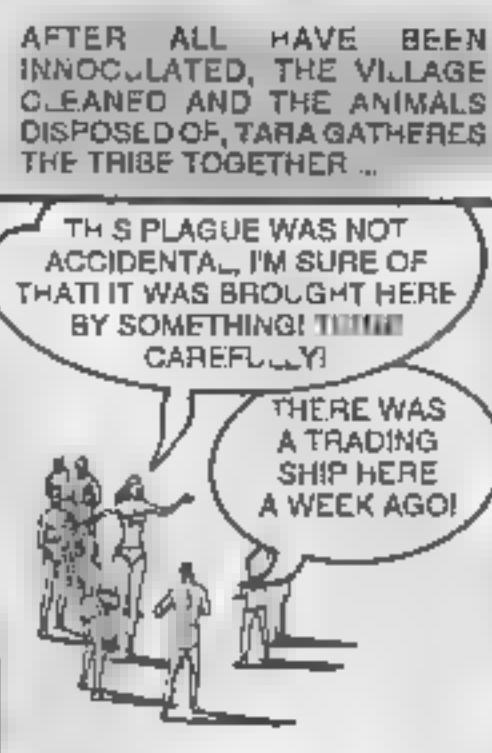
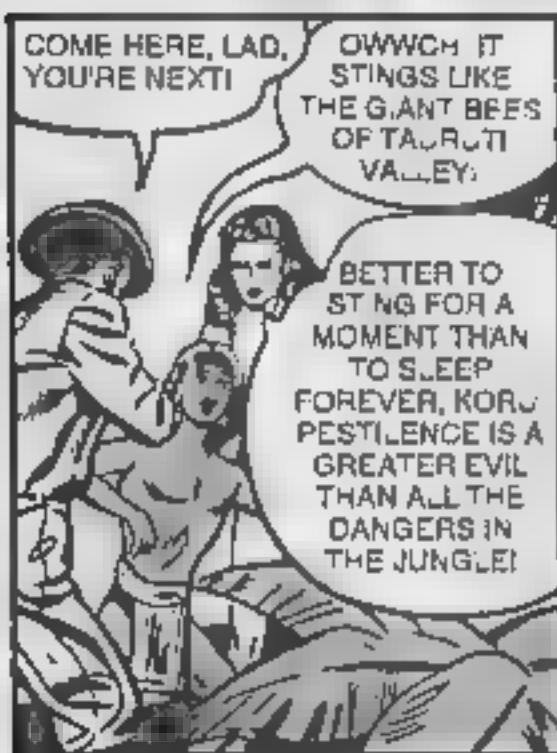
And, back at the village in the hut of CHIEF UPATAN, friend to TARA...

AM COMPLETELY CERTAIN CHIEF THE PANTHER SUFFERED FROM PESTILENCE. HE WAS AN EASY KILL.

IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE, TARA, MISERY WILL FALL UPON US!



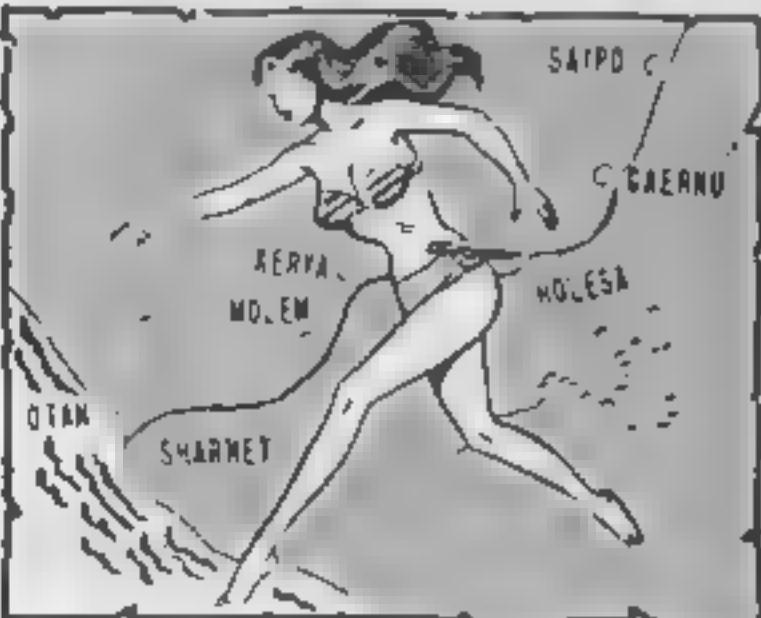




IT WAS HERE BUT TWO DAYS THEN I LEFT FOR SAPOI BUT WHY MUST YOU RUSH OFF!

I MUST FIND THIS VESSEL! IT IS OBVIOUSLY THE SOURCE OF THE BLACK DEATH! TAKE CARE... CAPTAIN STEVENS FOLLOWS WITH TOXIN!

AND ALWAYS THE RESULTS ARE THE SAME AIR UNITS OF CAPTAIN STEVENS FIND NO SHIP, BUT TARA HAS MANAGED TO TRACE THE VESSEL'S COURSE THROUGH VILLAGE AFTER VILLAGE



THE TRAIL NOW IS UNMISTAKABLE POINTING TOWARDS THE LARGE SEAPORT OF OTAN ON THE AFRICAN COAST. TWO WEEKS LATER TARA ARRIVES AT THE GATES.

GREAT SCOTT THIS IS INDEED A CITY OF THE DEAD! ALL HAVE BOARDED THE HOUSES IN FEAR OF THE PLAGUE

UGH! WHY HAVE THEY NOT SENT OUT EMERGENCY CALLS TO RAMPUL? TWO MORE DAYS OF PESTILENCE IN THIS FILTHY HOLE AND NO ONE WILL BE ALIVE

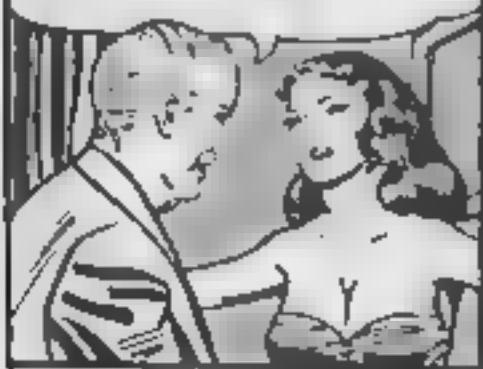


MOMENTS LATER TARA IS IN THE HOUSE OF THE CITY GOVERNOR OF OTAN

WE CAN'T EVEN DRAW OUT MESSAGES BECAUSE THE FRIGHTENED NATIVES REFUSE TO LEAVE THEIR HUTS. I'VE MANAGED TO SEND OUT A SCHOONER TO RAMPUL BUT THAT WILL TAKE DAYS

TARA TELLS THE GOVERNOR ABOUT THE DEATH SHIP AND AN HOUR LATER A GROUP OF GRIM INSPECTORS ARRIVES AT THE PIER WITH HER

TARA! THANK HEAVEN YOU'VE COME! WE'VE TRIED EVERYTHING TO REACH YOU! THE ENTIRE CITY IS PARALYZED! OUR COMMUNICATIONS ARE DOWN FROM THE HEAVY RAINS. AND NO ONE HAS SEEN OUR FLARES



HELP WILL REACH HERE NEVER FEAR. BUT WE HAVE ANOTHER TASK FACING US.



OPEN YOUR HULLS CAPTAIN THAT'S AN ORDER!

VESSEL AFTER VESSEL IS EXAMINED, CAREFULLY WITH NO RESULTS. THEN ON ONE SHIP TARA FINDS SOMETHING.

WE ARE CLEAN HERE. AS YOU CAN SEE, SIR.

HYPODERMIC NEEDLES. AND BOTTLES OF ANTI-TOXIN HERE'S OUR CULPABLE.



BUT BEFORE TARA CAN HEAR MORE, SHE IS TAKEN BY SURPRISE BY THE SHIP'S LOOKOUT. HE, HOWEVER, IS NO MATCH FOR HER.

I'LL WRING YOUR NECK.
AAAAAAGH!



YOU EVIL BEASTS SHALL NOT GO UNPUNISHED. THE JUNGLE REVENGES HERSELF ON THOSE WHO BRING DEATH!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT! THROW HER INTO THE HOLD, MEN! LET HER PREACH TO OUR LITTLE FRIENDS! HA HA HA!



TARA AND THE OFFICIALS GO OVER EVERY INCH OF THE BOAT AND FIND NOTHNG! BUT THAT NIGHT, WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS, THE JUNGLE GIRL DECIDES TO DO HER OWN SLEUTHING.



WE'LL WAIT A WEEK, THEN WE'LL RETURN AND BUY BACK OUR TRADES TO THESE SUCKERS AT A LOW PRICE.



THE NOISE OF THE SCUFFLE BRINGS OUT THE OTHERS WHO FLING THEMSELVES ON THE FURIOUS TARA IN OVERWHELMING NUMBERS.



TARA IS FLUNG INTO AN AWFUL SMELLING HOLD OBVIOUSLY A HIDDEN CHAMBER, TO FACE A HORRIBLE MENACE.

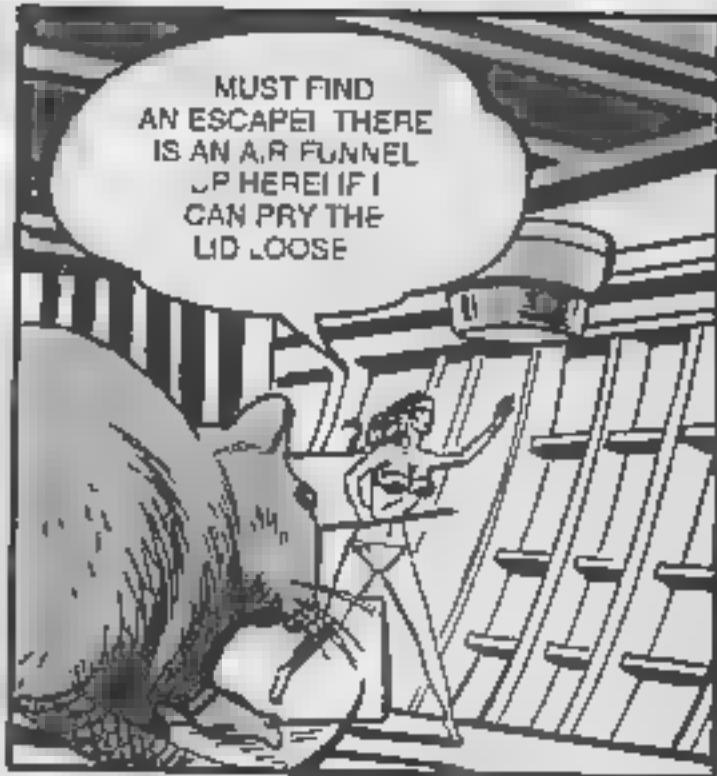
LET'S SEE YUH GET OUTA THIS, JUNGLE GIRL! HA HA!



TARA WHIRLS AROUND TO SEE AN ARMY OF GIANT, VICIOUS RATS!

YEOW! HERE IS THE SOURCE OF THE PLAGUE. MY ONLY CHANCE TO STAY ALIVE IS TO USE THIS CROWBAR.

MUST FIND AN ESCAPE! THERE IS AN AIR FUNNEL UP HERE! IF I CAN PRY THE LID LOOSE



TARA POPS OPEN THE LID AND CLIMBS UP TOWARDS THE DECK OF THE SHIP...

IT IS GOOD THAT THE FUNNEL IS AWAY FROM THE FLOOR... OR THOSE RATS WOULD HAVE ESCAPED LONG AGO!



TARA DIVES OVERBOARD. MOMENTS LATER, SHE IS RACING THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE FEAR-CRAZED CITY...

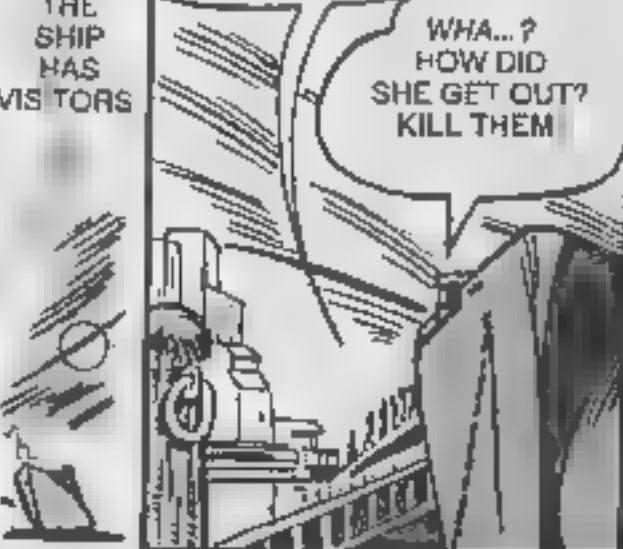
THE GOVERNOR MUST BE WARNED! THOSE PLAGUE SPREADERS INTEND TO LEAVE THE PORT TONIGHT!



AND... A HALF-HOUR LATER, THE SHIP HAS VISITORS

YOU ARE ALL UNDER ARREST FOR THE MURDER OF HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE! STAND STILL!

WHY...? HOW DID SHE GET OUT? KILL THEM?



DO NOT ATTEMPT ANYTHING LEST MY KNIFE SINK ITSELF INTO YOUR BLOATED PAUNCH! YOU WILL LIVE TO HANG FOR YOUR CRIME

SOME WEEKS LATER, TARA FACES A CHEERING, HEALTHY POPULATION



YOU HAVE SAVED US, JUNGLE GIRL

HEAR THAT, TARA? I, TOO, AM YOUR OBEDIENT SERVANT!

BE THANKFUL INSTEAD TO MEDICAL SCIENCE GOVERNOR... FOR WITHOUT THAT, WE WOULD ALL HAVE PERISHED!

THE END



SHEENA, QUEEN of the JUNGLE

SHEENA
IS SOMEWHERE
ON THE AIR.
EVEN THEY HEARD A
SOMETHING IN THE
FLEET IN
THE BRUSH.

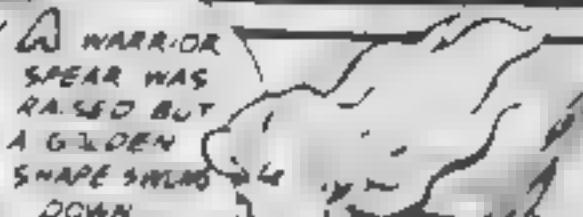


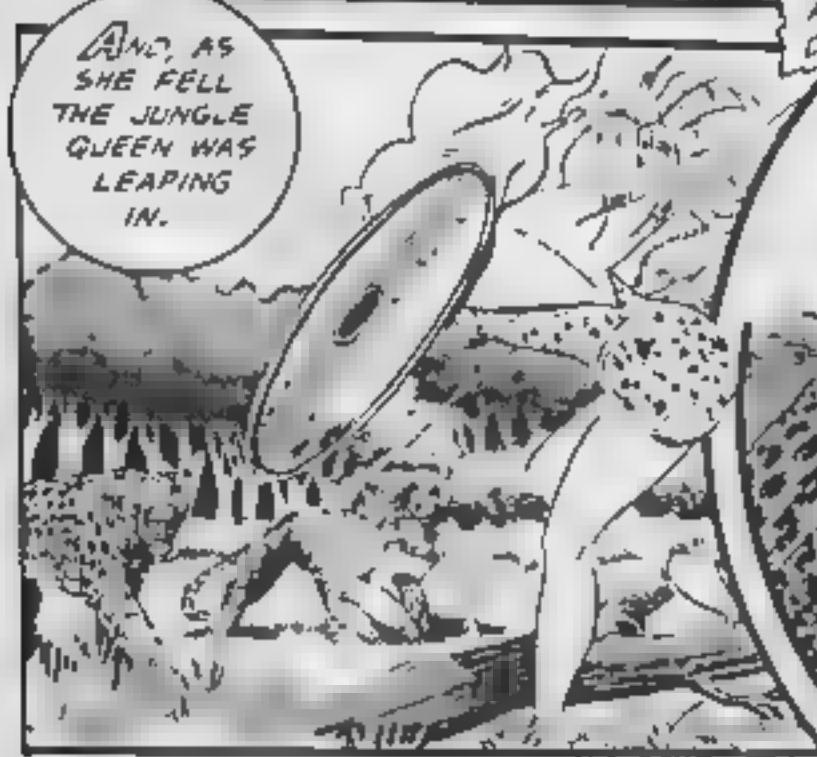
IT WAS
ONE MORE
THE AIR.
THE SAME.

WE HAVE STARTLED
WHATEVER IT WAS
BUT WHAT THERE
IT'S AGAIN.

PROBABLY SOME
WOUNDED ANIMAL
BOLTING FOR
COVER, SHEENA.

NO! THE SCENT
ON THE AIR IS
HUMAN—SOMEONE
IS BEING PURSUED!











ORIGINAL TV'S SHEENA IRISH McCALLA

BY
BILL BLACK
AND
BILL FERET



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Autographed by IRISH McCALLA- \$29.95

Irish McCalla, statuesque blonde beauty who portrayed SHEENA, QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE in the mid-1950's television series, is featured in this 100 page tribute. Irish herself contributed a new interview and shared some excerpts from her personal journal written during the filming of the series.

Irish tells of her experiences as the celluloid jungle queen in the jungles of Mexico. The on location activities proved almost as perilous for the actress as it did for SHEENA as Irish was required to perform many of her own stunts. This series is illustrated with many photos of SHEENA including color shots and rare pictures never before published.

Prior to becoming an actress, Irish was one of the most popular pin up models in the United States. Her modeling career is covered in detail with a vast assortment of cheesecake photos. Today, Irish is a successful artist and is still as beautiful as ever.

This book will be printed on 50 lb. white off set paper with special photos printed on glossy

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TV'S SHEENA IRISH McCALLA is a must for all film, pin up and comic book collectors.



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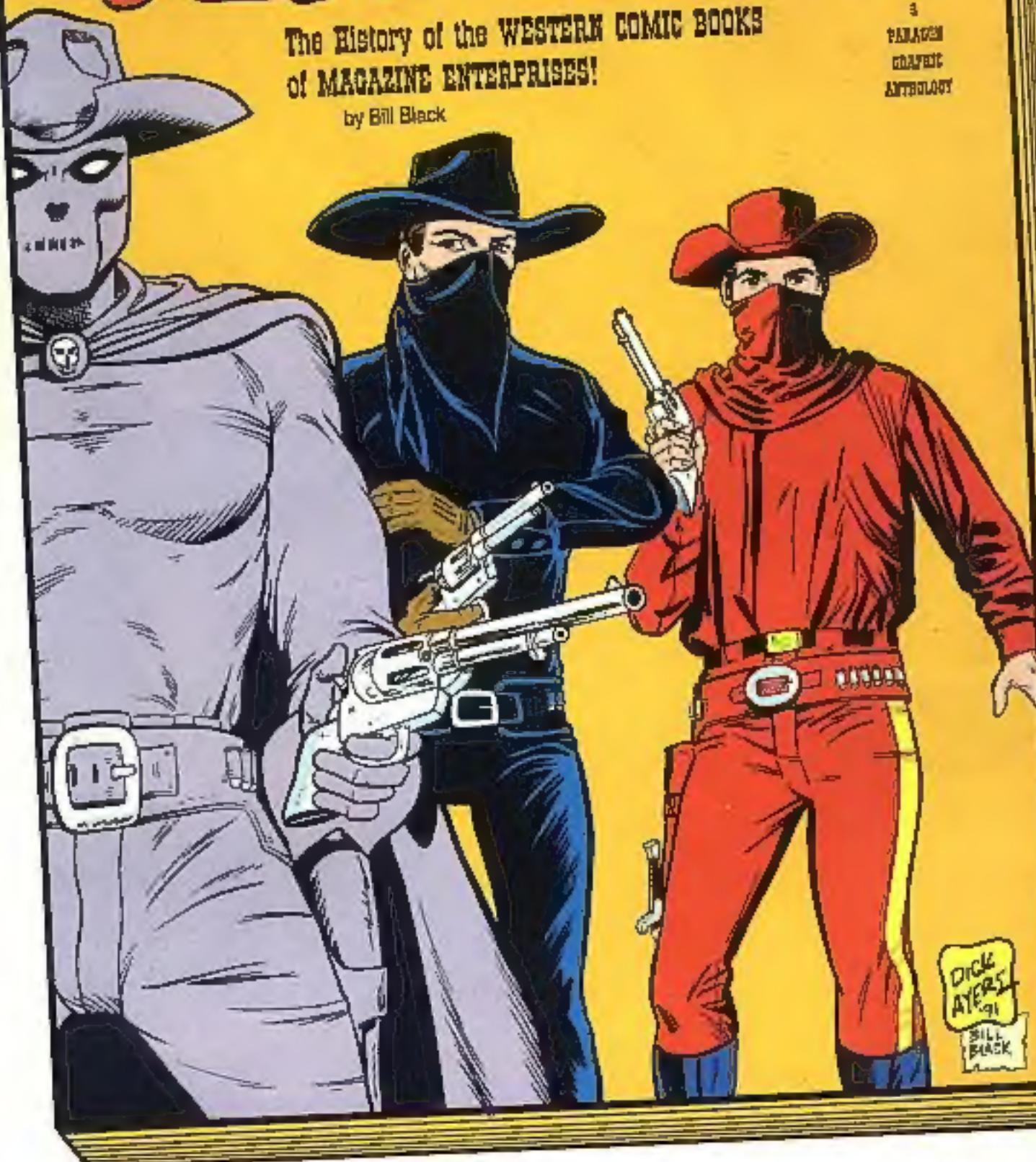
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